

## THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."  
—Isaiah 66:13.

You take the finest woman, with th' roses  
in her cheeks,  
An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice  
each time she speaks;  
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glow-  
in' mass o' gold—  
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n  
half way told.  
There ain't a word that tells it; all de-  
scription it defies—  
The motherlook that lingers in a happy  
woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her in-  
nocence an' fun,  
Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones  
she wants to shun.  
In pleasure or in anger there is always  
hansomeness.  
But still there is a beauty that was sure-  
ly made to bless—  
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all  
but glories  
Th' motherlook that some time comes  
into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile, exactly—yet it's brimmin'  
full o' joy,  
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends  
above her boy  
Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its dreams  
told in its face;  
She smooths its hair, an' pets it as she licks  
it to its place.  
It leads all th' expressions, whether grave,  
or gay, or wise—  
Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin'  
woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was  
they'd have to paint  
A picture of a woman mostly angel an'  
some saint.  
An' make it still be human—an' they'd  
have to blend the whole.  
There ain't a picture of it, for no one can  
paint a soul.  
No one can paint the glory comin' straight  
from paradise—  
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy  
woman's eyes.  
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

## Bearding a Lion

By  
HARRY L. BAKER

THROW up your hands; up with  
them, I say, or I'll let daylight  
through you. There, you. Hold still  
now, till I put the darbies on him.  
And there you are, my fine bird; caught  
as quick as a wink, and you didn't get  
to use that cannon after all."  
The man addressed only answered with  
an oath. He had been caught napping  
from behind as he cleaned his rifle.  
Hatfield was a moonshiner whose  
family before him had grown their corn  
and made their whisky un-  
interruptedly for years until the revenue  
law came into force and the hills of  
east Kentucky afterward were frequently  
stained with the blood of some limb  
of the law whose foolishness or sense of  
duty led him into the range of the moon-  
shiner's rifle, or some equally unfortu-  
nate maker of illicit liquor, who was  
snuffed out by the steady aim of an offi-  
cer's gun. And so they have fought each  
other year in and year out. Each, ever  
on the alert, fingers itching on triggers,  
eyes furtively peering at every tree, ears  
and nostrils distended at every sound.  
Verily the revenue laws have been the  
unhappy cause of many mountain trage-  
dies. Hatfield had never been bothered,  
perhaps because he had more friends in  
standing, or maybe his reputation as a  
sure shot had engendered a wholesome  
dread in the hearts of the revenuers, for  
he had sworn to kill on sight the first one  
he found prowling round his mountain  
domain. Be that as it may, on this day  
in October he had been surprised and cap-  
tured, hands down, without firing a shot.  
He bowed his head, his scraggy beard



HE WAS SURPRISED AND CAPTURED.

reaching half way to his waist. The pic-  
ture of a long term in prison was before  
him. He looked over his hilly little  
farm, where he had eked out an existence  
ever since he had won pretty Jane Lark-  
ins for his wife 30 years ago. He could  
see the top of the little cabin built by his  
own hands from native oaks, rearing up  
over the crest of the hill, the smoke curl-  
ing upward from the rear "chinked and  
dodged" chimney. The sun was sinking  
behind Green Brier mountain, throwing  
a blood-red glow on the autumn foliage,  
and the haze of a mountain evening hung  
over the valley.

A tear trickled down his weathered  
cheek, but he brushed it aside and  
straightened up like a lion at bay.  
Meanwhile the officers were preparing  
to return with their quarry to the town  
below—and the prison.

He tried to speak, but the words stuck  
in his throat, and he could only gulp.  
Why had these strange men whom he  
had never harmed, or even met before,  
come to his happy little home, where he  
had lived, fearing God, with malice to  
none? He had to live—the price of corn  
was down, in fact there was no market  
for it. He could raise nothing else upon  
the barren soil. He grew his own corn,  
he made his own liquor from that corn,  
and sold it; where was the harm? The  
mortgage on the little place would soon  
fall due, and he would be in prison and  
could not pay it. And the little, hard-  
working woman that he had called wife,

what would she do? And the mounds  
under the big old trees over which he  
had raised rude crosses, where she had  
placed fresh flowers every day over the  
graves of her sons—their sons. Had  
they not been first to answer the call of  
McKinley for troops to back the nation  
in her fight for humanity and vengeance  
for the Maine? They had marched boldly  
away to the little town at the foot of the  
hill and enlisted. And how proud he had  
been of them; his two boys; big fellows  
they were, each more than six feet tall,  
and mere boys. How he admired them in  
the common homespun clothing, their  
muscular, well-built frames looming up  
among the city fellows. And how he had  
Jane had gone all the way to Charleston,  
using up quite a little bit of their savings,  
just to see them as they embarked for  
Cuba. How he had found a place in a big  
doorway and they strained their eyes for  
the coming of the soldier boys. Away off  
down the street a band was playing, com-  
ing closer, and that tune, "Dixie," dear  
old "Dixie," that he had marched to 30  
years ago, when the brothers of the  
south rose in defense of their rights and  
fought the soldiers of the north, only to  
be overpowered. And now they  
can see a blue line swinging down the  
street. The band has changed to  
"Yankee Doodle," flags are flying,  
handkerchiefs are waving, the crowds  
are shouting, and directly he sees them,  
dressed in their uniforms, marching with  
the rest, and the little, wrinkled woman  
at his side had cried as they turned to-  
ward the little mountain hut that they  
called home. The first time since the  
boys were born that they had gone home  
without them.

He thought of it all now, and how, after  
weeks of anxious waiting for news, he  
received a letter saying that John was  
coming home. Not coming, but being  
sent, in a coffin with a ragged hole in his  
breast where a Spanish ball had vented  
its spite on the nation that came between  
it and its prey. How he again went to  
Charleston, this time sad and alone, and  
brought back the boy who had been his  
idol—dead. They had buried him under  
that tree, the mother had cried a little,  
new lines came to her face and she had  
ceased to sing. After awhile he got  
another letter from Bill. Bill said that  
he was discharged and coming home very  
ill. And how they had gone for the third  
time to Charleston to bring back their  
boy and nurse him to health, and when  
they reached the station a stranger with  
a beard, who looked like a doctor, took  
him to one side and told him that Bill  
had died on the train and was being  
brought home dead.

They had taken Bill and laid him to  
rest beside his brother, martyrs to their  
country's cause. And now that country  
for which he would have died, that coun-  
try which he called home, had taken his  
boys, and was now stealing his liberty.  
Can it be wondered that a feeling of re-  
sentment surged over him and he  
clenched his teeth and his breath came  
fast and hot.

They started on their way to the town  
below. "No, you can't go there," was the  
reply given when he had asked to be al-  
lowed to say good-bye to his wife. "Might  
have some of your crowd there, and we  
ain't particularly anxious to meet them."  
And they rode on and saw the dying rays  
of the autumn sun lighting on the little  
cross and then home was shut from view.  
He bowed his head to the inevitable and  
rode along in silence. Suddenly a shot  
rang sharp and clear, its echoes vibrat-  
ing on the mountain side, and one of his  
captors bit the dust. Before the other  
could have time to act the unseen hand  
had again pressed the trigger and death  
had again found a victim waiting, and  
from behind a boulder the little woman  
appeared dragging the gun which the offi-  
cers in their haste had left behind, still  
smoking. She came forward without  
speaking, freed his hands, and turned the  
horse loose to find its way back to the  
stable.

"Supper's most ready, Tom," she said,  
and they turned their faces homeward,  
leaving the stars shining down on two  
forms that would never move again.  
Away off in the distance a dog barked,  
a whip-poor-will plaintively called, and  
the moon showed over the hill tops, glid-  
ing the weather-beaten hut. From the  
windows a cheerful light shone; inside  
the old man and his wife ate their scanty  
meal in silence.

## FROM WHEAT FIELD TO OVEN.

Several Loaves of Bread Are Ready  
Thirty Minutes After the  
Grain Is Cut.

A loaf of bread, the result of a record-  
making experiment at Blockley, in  
Worcestershire, England, was recently  
exhibited in London.

At 8:30 one morning Messrs. Taylor  
& Sons, of the Sheaf House farm,  
started to cut a field of wheat. As fast  
as the sheaves were cut they were car-  
ried away to the granary and there  
thrashed and winnowed.

These operations took six and a half  
minutes. Thence the wheat was taken  
to the mill of J. H. Panton, and there  
ground and dressed in five and a half  
minutes. At the adjacent bakehouse the  
flour was made into dough and molded  
into cakes and loaves.

Seven small loaves were taken from  
the oven at nine o'clock—30 minutes  
from the time the wheat was standing  
uncut. The larger loaves were finished  
in 40 minutes.

One was sent to the king, and others  
presented to Lady Norwich and Lord  
Redesdale.

## Date of Columbus' Birth.

A new book by Henry Vignaud, sec-  
retary of the United States embassy at  
Paris, seeking to establish the date of  
Columbus' birth, will soon be pub-  
lished. The work is a further devel-  
opment of Mr. Vignaud's Columbian re-  
searches. Hitherto the date of the  
birth of Columbus has been doubtful,  
varying from 1430 to 1458. Mr. Vign-  
aud has gathered data leading to the  
conclusion that the great navigator  
was born in 1451. He was, consequen-  
tly, a young man when he discovered  
America.

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